

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1804.

NO. 817

FATHER NICHOLAS.

A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

It happened, that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of her's in the neighborhood of Santonges. He had been a miniature painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doated on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided he would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have the better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profligacy, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delasserre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honor, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin: but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation, had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntary led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night; and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind; and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When

I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room and gained an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage coach overtook me. I was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail; and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlor. As I sat there one morning, the same stage coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw step out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us in Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and among others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I recollected enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were, a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bedside; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could

find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death. I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown; and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavor to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled: I endeavor, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in his sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished.—Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!"—His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture; then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his; and my tears began to drop on it.—"My son," said he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasant to recall my story:—If the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous and be happy."

EMILUS AND CLARA;

OR THE HAPPY PAIR.

Each was to each, a dearer self.

THOMPSON.

EVERY day after work Emilus congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoin attractions in Clara, seated at her side, over the frugal blaze, under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knees one of his infants, while the other hung harmlessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his fatigues; he forgot that he had been laboring ever since the sun had arose, even to its going down; or, even if he did remember his weariness, the recollection of exertions by which he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile from his Clara, rendered the whole more touching. Transported by these most agreeable prospects, nothing disturbed the repose; "All was truly full." The husband, the wife, and children were together. Their imaginations could picture nothing softer, nothing happier than themselves.

The sight of their children, always augmented their felicity.—They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares and caresses. What a source of pleasure was it to Emilus and Clara, to interpret their will! to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to join in their innocent pastimes!

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE CHILD OF SORROW'S TALE.

DENY but do not taunt a maid,
Who never scorn with scorn repays;
Proud man, though now I ask your aid,
Mine, alas! were happier days.

Eut sorrow mar'k me for her own
Before I told my twentieth year—
Yet when my friend's began to frown,
I but reproach'd them with—A TEAR.

I ne'er could frame the harsh reply,
The look unkind by feeling fear'd;
E'en when I met disdain's cold eyes,
E'en when I cruel language heard.

I've seen my friend, my earlies't friend,
Refuse my tale of woe to hear;
Yet still unwilling to offend,
All my remembrance was—A TEAR.

And I have known the sland'rer's tongue
My fame with vile dishonor taint,
Yet on my lips no curses hung,
The mournful mind was my complaint.

And I was forc'd by cruel pow'r
To leave the scenes I held most dear;
O! 'twas indeed a trying hour!
Yet all my language was—A TEAR.

And I have known the youth I lov'd
Retract the vows he swore to me;
Behold my pallid cheek, unmov'd,
And smiling boast that he was free.

Yet I was calm—and (hour of dread!)
I saw him woo a maid more dear;
But I was mute, I only shed—
No—no—I could not shed—A TEAR.

Ah! full was then my cup of grief—
Friend's, fortune, lover, fame,—all lost—
A beggar, now I ask relief,
A small, a trifling boon at most.

Still can you chide me from the door?
Ah, no!—your looks compassion wear—
So large a gift!—Oh!—words were poor—
I think, I bless you, in—A TEAR.

ANECDOTE.

GEORGE FENNELL, (an honest Hibernian,) hearing that his mother was married again, said, in great perturbation, "I hope she won't have a son older than me; for, by J—s, if she has I shall be cut out of the estate."

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never soils. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 136 William-street, and by G. Camp No. 142 Pearl-street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 17. 18.

MORALIST.

FORTITUDE.

PERILS, misfortunes, want, pain and injury, are more or less the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience, that thou mayest support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labor, heat, hunger, and thirst, thro' deserts of sand, and faineth not, so the fortitude of man shall sustain him thro' all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatdeals of soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to depend on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea shore he standeth firm, and the dashing of waves don't disturb him.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill, and fortune's arrows drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life like a man that goeth out to battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight, and his constancy shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness; and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger, he is embarrassed and confounded: in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

Mr TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHINERGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 5 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthy red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delicious sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane August 25. 1804. 8 5 tf.

MANTUA MAKING & CURTAIN WORK.

Done with neatness accuracy and dispatch.
by Mrs. DEGRUSHE, No. 278 Greenwich Street, three doors from the corner of Chamber-Street. 8 4 tf.

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burns, Shingles, Scorbatic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Prickly Heat, Redness of the Nose Neck Arms, &c.

Are effectually and speedily cured by
Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.
THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurf in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common trash—Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses! Suffice it however to say, it has been administered to many thousands in the United States and W. Indies with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. A small bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its value Price 75 cents.

Prepared and sold at Church's Dispensary, No. 189 Bowery, New-York. Dec. 31

N. SMITH,

Chymical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Rose No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel.

SMITH's improved chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, sores, &c.; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving,—with printed directions.— 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.—do. Violet, double cented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d.
Highly improved (sweet scented hard and soft Pomatum) 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s.

His white almond Wash Ball, 2s. and 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. & 3s. Do. Vegetable. Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. and 4s. per box.

His fine cosmetic Cold-Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savonette Royal Palle, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking—Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s. lb.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principle, to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, elastic Razor Strip Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen Knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery Great allowance to those who sell again.

For Sale at this Office,
Dr. Anderson's,
Or, The
Famous Scots Pills.

NEW-YORK,

PRINTED AND EDITED
BY JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1804.

NO. 817.

NO. 36—VOL. XVI.

FATHER NICHOLAS.

A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

It happened, that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of her's in the neighborhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature painter, and came to town for improvement in his art, Emilia, who deoted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have the better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delasierre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honor, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin: but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntary led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night; and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind; and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When

I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room and gained an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage coach overtook me. "I was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail; and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlor. As I sat there one morning, the same stage coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw step out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us in Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and among others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I recollected enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were, a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bedside; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could

find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death. I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown; and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavor to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled: I endeavor, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in his sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished.—Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!"—His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture; then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his; and my tears began to drop on it.—"My son," said he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasing to recall my story:—If the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous and be happy."

EMILUS AND CLARA;

OR THE HAPPY PAIR.

Each was to each, a dearer self.

THOMPSON.

EVERY day after work Emilus congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoin attractions in Clara, seated at her side, over the frugal blaze, under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knees one of his infants, while the other hung harmlessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his fatigues; he forgot that he had been laboring ever since the sun had arose, even to its going down; or, even if he did remember his weariness, the recollection of exertions by which he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile from his Clara, rendered the whole more touching. Transported by these most agreeable prospects, nothing disturbed the repose; "All was truly full." The husband, the wife, and children were together. Their imaginations could picture nothing softer, nothing happier than themselves.

The sight of their children, always augmented their felicity.—They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares and caresses. What a scourge of pleasure was it to Emilus and Clara, to interpret their will! to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to join in their innocent pastimes!

And how happy was Emilius, when he felt the tender hands of his children struggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, and embrowned by the wind and weather! The son one day was curious to know the reason of this: "And why papa," said he, "is not your hands as soft as mine? Why is it so hard papa?"—"In making bread for you and your mother," replied Emilius, with paternal and gentle dignity. "It is you see, almost worn out in the service."—"Oh, oh!" cried the child, "is that the case? Well then, by the time it has made us a little more bread, mine will grow stout enough to make bread too; and then we shall see, papa, whose will be the hardest." The child copied the virtuous pride of the father: Emilius blushed with joy, and Clara shed a tear.

ANECDOTES.

IN a great freshet, a farmer's wife was taken in labor, and no person proper to assist her living nearer than seven miles, the good husband rode with the utmost speed to Dr. Rhubarb, whom he begged instantly to go to his wife. The doctor being a known one, declared, though his usual fee was two guineas, at such a distance, when no danger appeared; yet now (said he) I must go at the imminent hazard of my life, I shall not budge one foot, unless you agree to give me ten guineas. The farmer in vain remonstrated on his inability to perform such a demand; Rhubarb was inflexible. The honest countryman's love to his Joan rose above every objection, and he at last engaged to rise the money: they got to the farm-house, through much difficulty, and in an hour or two the doctor presented the master of the house with a fine boy, and demanded his exorbitant fee: which the farmer immediately gave him, and drank each a glass of ale to the boy's future welfare.—By this time the flood was greatly increased, and real danger threatened the doctor in his return; on which (not being at all acquainted with the way) he intreated the farmer to lose no time in conducting him back.—"My friend, (cries the farmer) you would not come to help my wife, who was in real distress, unless I promised to give ten guineas, when only an imaginary danger was before you; but there is now a real hazard in my venturing to shew you the safest way back; therefore unless you will give me nine guineas for my trouble in conducting you home, you may abide where you are until the next dry season."—All replies were in vain; no art could make any impression on the countryman. Rhubarb was obliged to return nine guineas; the farmer landed him safely among his gallipots, and the honest man got well home again, triumphing over inhumanity and avarice.

TWO soldiers being condemned to death in Flanders, the general being prevailed upon to spare one of them, ordered them to cast dice upon the drum-head for their lives. The first, throwing two sixes, fell a wringing his hands; but was surprised when the other threw two sixes also. The officer appointed to see the execution, ordered them to throw over again: they did so each threw two fives; at which the soldiers that stood round shouted, and said neither of them was to die. Here-upon the officer acquainted the council of war, who ordered them to throw over again; and then came up two fours. The general being made acquainted with it, sent for the men, and pardoned them.—"I love," says he, "in such extraordinary cases, to listen to the voice of Providence."

JUSTIFICATION.

*A Farmer once, who wanted much
A sturdy husbandman;
And one, well qualified at such,
To suit his thirsty plan.*

*One who was sparing at his meat,
And sparing in his drink;
And, daily task-work to complete,
Would never slinch or shrink.*

*Induc'd a clodpole to apply,
Commended by a neighbor,
As "Never hungry, never dry,
Nor ever tir'd of labor!"*

*But soon, when hir'd, and set to work,
He prov'd, to crown the bam,
As lazy as a cross-legg'd Turk,
Yet turkey-like, he'd cram.*

*For Bacon-rack was quickly shrunk,
So well he fill'd his dish;
And soon the cellar's stock was sunk,
He'd drink so like a fish.*

*Which made Old Squeezum rail and rave,
Against his neighbor Muggs;
To bubble him, like a lying knave,
With three such damn'd humbugs.*

*You "Never hungry! ne'er athirst!
Of working never tir'd!"
I wish that both your skins had burst,
Ere such a pest I hir'd.*

*Hold, Zur: says hobnail, do ant yet rly
In such a deadly twoddle;
If Measter Muggs have told a lie,
Then tairly crack my noddle.*

*Vor I do never hungry be,
Before my guis I will,
And drought do never trouble me,
Before I gets a will.*

*And I did never work pureure,
Till tir'd or overheated;
So Measter Muggs have told ye true,
And you have not been cheated.*

E. G.

THE SPANIEL.

*A gentleman possess'd a fav'rite spaniel,
That never treated man nor maid ill:
This dog, of which we cannot too much say,
Got from his god-father the name of Tray.*

*After ten years of service just,
Tray like the race of mortals sought the dust—
That is to say, the Spaniel died;
A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The dog was in the church-yard laid,
While o'er his pale remains the master cry'd.
Lamenting much his fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
And weeping wrote on it this sweet memorial.*

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

*HERE rests the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of ease and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect but carefully know'd his bone;
Perform'd his functions well in every way—
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.*

B.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LEGEND.

MURROUGH, a descendant of the famous King of Leinster, who invited the Earl of Pembroke into Ireland, by the bounty and hospitality of his life, became extremely popular and beloved. Though he had lost the royal hereditary honors of his illustrious house, he yet retained all the respect due to sovereignty; and, in short, was bowed to by his numerous family, tenantry, and the people in general, as submissively as if he really wore the crown of his ancestors. Fifty children, grand-children, and relations, fed every day at his board, and as many indigent individuals were made happy with the fragments.

But although the mind of Murrough was thus happy, although he rested thus secure on the confidence of mankind, he was yet unsafe; the shafts of envy were ready to assail him, and danger lurked in the moment of rational security.

Murrough used frequently to ride many miles attended only by an approving conscience, and the retrospect of virtue; and this singular custom was well known thro' the country.

In one of those solitary excursions, on a summer evening, when the sun began to gild the western mountains, and when all nature appeared clothed in serenity, he observed a naked infant boy, who seemed to be about three years of age, running on before him at the distance of about twenty yards: the sight, though singular, did not at first much affect our reverend traveller, who imagined that the child belonged to some cottage in the neighborhood; but after riding near a mile, the circumstance began to be interesting—the old man called, but the infant continued his progression, only turning round, displayed an angel smile, and beckoned to be followed. After running about a mile further: the surprise of old Murrough was in some degree abated, for the seraphic guide, as in the end he proved to be, turned off the road, and entered a respectable farm house at a small distance.

If the child had been certainly mortal, curiosity alone would have induced the old man to enquire at the house how it came to be so far from home, and naked; but the fact was, that he now thought the thing altogether wonderful, and worthy of inquiry.

Accordingly our traveller rode up to the door, and desired to see the child that had just entered, and to know if he belonged to the house. The woman, whom he addressed, knew of no child!—the young men and women of that house were all grown up, and the family numerous: she ended with observing, that it was no child, but an angel who had been sent from heaven for his protection, and pressed our venerable traveller to continue till morning.

The astonishment, natural to an event so very uncommon, induced our traveller to alight; but after some conversation with the family, and a recollection of his conscious innocence, he determined to proceed. At the moment he attempted to mount his horse, he received a severe slap on the right side of his face, which at once deciding the question, he returned; and dispatching a messenger home with an account of what had happened, remained at the farmhouse.

The next morning the whole country was in a state of consternation at the melancholy fate of an elderly gentleman, who had been assassinated by one Kevanagh, who being apprehended and convicted, confessed, at his execution, that he mistook his man, and that envy, at the universal good name of Murrough, had alone stimulated him to put an end to his life.—In the

province of Leinster this story is universally known, and implicitly believed: the blow, which the old man received, left a mark that remained for life.

ANECDOTES OF ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

WHEN captain of the Glory frigate, cruising off Madeira, he singly met three ships, two Spanish and one French, the latter of more than equal force. Captain Boscawen was asleep, when his lieutenant went down to awake him, it being in the close of the evening, and asked him what he must do? "O d—n ye, fight them to be sure!" The captain came immediately upon deck in his shirt, in which situation he fought near two glasses; when the enemy finding they must be taken if they continued the contest, sheered off, under cover of the night.

Admiral Boscawen was afterwards lying off Gibraltar, to intercept a French fleet that was in the Mediterranean: he wrote to Capt. Barton, who at that time commanded the Litchfield, that the enemy was near, and at the same time enclosed a list of the French fleet, but took particular notice of a new 74 gun ship which they had, and added, "Barton, may the first shot that is fir'd kill me dead if I don't take that ship, and ensure to you the command of her!" She was the first he took in that engagement, and he procured the command of her for Capt. Barton.—Such was the intrepid spirit of that brave man, and the punctual exactness of his promises.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER, 8 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Inspector reports, are, Adults 16—Children 41—Total 57.

The brig from Languira, mentioned in the Mercantile Advertiser of Tuesday to have been captured by the British frigate *Leander*, was a privateer of 15 guns, having on board a cargo of tallow, hides, and coffee, and had no papers nor name. She mistook the *Leander* and *Cambrian* for the two French frigates now in our harbor, and inadvertently put herself into their possession. She was ordered for Halifax.

The brig *Sophia*, Pinkham, from Liverpool, was boarded on Wednesday last, by an English frigate, within two leagues of the Hook, was detained two hours, and had two of her men pressed who had regular protections.

A letter from capt. Stewart, of the brig *Syren* dated April 25, to his friend in Philadelphia, announces the capture by him of the brig *Tanser*, a Grecian vessel, from the Archipelago, laden with valuable merchandize, and nineteen Turkish soldiers bound to Tripoli.—The commodore had valued, equipped, and taken her into the service of the United States.—The *Syren* was to proceed the following day to join blockade of Tripoli.

The following letter gives an account of another capture by our vigilant and enterprising squadron.

Extract of a letter from an Officer on board the U. S. Schooner *Nautilus*, dated

Syracuse, April 21,

We send you a brig captured off Tripoli, standing in under English colors, in violation of the declaration of the blockade of that port. Being advised by Commodore Preble, we sent her to America for adjudication. We had an engagement for an hour, with 11 gun boats off Tripoli, within half gun shot of the batteries. We drove them into port without any loss on our side.

CHARLESTON, August 21.

With great regret we have to state that one of the most atrocious and premeditated Murders was perpetrated in this city yesterday afternoon on the body of James Shaw, merchant, of this city, by a young man named Richard Dennis, jun. that perhaps has never been laid before the public.

The circumstances as far as we could recollect them last evening, are as follows:—Richard Dennis, sen. keeps the Carolina coffee house in Tradd-street in this city; on Thursday last Mr. Shaw was there, when Dennis made a demand on him for a small reckoning which he said he owed him; Mr. Shaw told him he had payed it to the bar keeper, that he had discharged; an altercation immediately took place, some blows passed and Dennis was worsted; this irritated Dennis's son to such a height, that he, though a lad of 18 or 19 years of age, challenged Mr. Shaw, who considering the lad beneath his notice, paid no further attention to the challenge than to give him a kick or two in the market on Friday morning. Mr. Shaw, it is said, had determined to take no further notice of the affair—Early yesterday morning printed papers, signed Richard Dennis jun. which stated that Mr. Shaw was a poltroon and a coward, were posted up at different corners of the street, which Mr. Shaw pulled down; between two and three o'clock Mr. Shaw dined at an acquaintance's house; he left the table a little before four o'clock and passed down Tradd-street to go to his business at his counting-house; as he turned out of Tradd-street into Bedon's-alley, of which the Coffee house forms a corner, it is said he was called to through the window; as he turned his face to the window, a pistol was fired and the ball passed directly through his body; he was only able to retreat a few steps, when he fell on a cellar door and died in an instant. Some people who saw Mr. Shaw fall rushed into the house and found that it was young Dennis who had discharged the pistol, he was immediately seized and committed to jail by justice Bentham. Dennis the elder, was in the house at the time; on examining him a pair of loaded pistols were found in his pockets.—In consequence of this he was committed.

Thus, in an instant, has a worthy and industrious man been torn from Society. We believe Mr. Shaw was about 28 or 30 years of age. He was a native of the state of Maryland, and has resided in this state about ten years.

FATAL EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

A few days ago a heavy shower, attended by much hard thunder, passed over *Dedham* and the adjacent towns. A number of men at this time were making hay in a place called *Fowl Meadow*, in the above town.—They had just loaded a waggon, when the shower became so severe, that a Mr. Fisher and his son went under it for shelter, while six or eight ran to a covered waggon, about thirty rods distant. They had not been thus situated long, before a remarkable stream of lightning struck the loaded waggon, fired the hay, which it consumed;—killed both the oxen on the pole—but did no other injury to those under it than stunning them. Before the other party had time to leave their own covert and go to their assistance, another tremendous electric stream struck the top of the waggon, and levelled with the earth all who were in it. A young man by the name of Talbot, belonging to *Sharon*, was taken up for dead; but by a continued application of water, he gradually revived, and was carried home: He lived in extreme pain a few days, when he expired.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MAY Heaven's propitious ev'ry ill reverse,
Each year increase their mutual happiness;
May purest joys on all their lives attend,
And all their virtues to their race descend.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Capt. Reuben B. Piddock, of Hudson, to Miss Maria Nichols, daughter of Capt. Geo. Nichols, of this city.

At Elizabeth-Town, on Saturday evening. Mr. James C. Williams, merchant, of New-Orleans, to Miss Mary Dayton, daughter of General Elias Dayton of the former town.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. John Frederick Miller Cooper, to Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, the 2d inst. Gen. Philimon Dickinson, of New-Jersey, to Miss Rebecca Cadwallader, of Philadelphia.

MORTALITY.

LIKE leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth now with'ring on the ground,
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

DIED.

On Sunday morning last, Commodore JAMES NICHOLSON, of this city.

At his house in Poughkeepsie, in the 4th year of age, ROBERT H. LIVINGSTON, Esq.

At Washington, Francis McClure, Printer.

At Norfolk, Joseph Johnston, Printer.

At Newburg, Miss ARABELLA GOURLEY, eldest daughter of Robert Gourley, merchant.

Lately, in Paris, M. NAUCHE, President of the Galvanic Society. He fell a victim to his zeal for the sciences, being burnt to death by a vial of phosphorus which he used for his experiments.

Published and for sale at this office, the interesting

NOVEL

of the

RIGID FATHER;

OR,

PATERNAL AUTHORITY TOO STRICTLY ENFORCED;
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

[Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.]

Price 75 cents.

LIKEWISE THE ELEGANT NOVEL,
CALLED,

WHAT HAS BEEN.

JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip, has for sale,

Books and Stationary

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

Also, a large assortment of
BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE BARBER AND CHIMNEY SWEEPER

YOUNG Nick within a Barber's shop
A chimney had been sweeping,
And having done his swarthy job,
Again was downward creeping.

While tying up his bag of soot,
A waggish shaving blade
Exclaim'd, "may I presume to ask,
"What was your father's trade?"

What trade? quoth Sweep, why to my shame
And chagrin be it spoken,
My father was a Barber, Sir!
How cursedly provoking!

I might have been a Barber too,
And his own sphere have play'd in,
But did not like, to say the truth,
A business so degrading.

ANECDOTE.

A haughty Italian Prince, famed for his pride
and ill humor, once walking to the window of
his audience chamber with a foreign envoy, said
to him, "Do you know, Sir, that one of my an-
cestors formerly forced an ambassador to leap
from this balcony into the street?"—"Did he,
(replied the minister), *perhaps it was not then the
custom for ambassadors to wear swords.*"

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin
particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burns
Shingles, Scorbatic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every
description, Prickley Heat, Redness of the Nose Neck
Arms, &c.

Are effectually and speedily cured by
Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world.
It has been administered by the proprietor for several years
in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the
simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will
remove the most rancorous and alarming scurf in the face.
It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good
qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of
their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a
certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost
indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to
the common trash—Cream drawn from Violets and Milk
from Roses! Suffice it however to say, it has been ad-
ministered to many thousands in the United States and W.
India with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and
without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. A small
bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its value
Price 75 cents.

Prepared and sold at Church's Dispensary, No. 180
Bowery, New-York. Dec. 31

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and
shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is uni-
versally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it ne-
ver corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft,
smooth and beautiful to the last, and never soils. Black
morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by
the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for
exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 136
William-street, and by C. Camp No. 143 Pearl-street,
where all orders will be thankfully received, and immedi-
ately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle
will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they
are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of
Perfumery of the full quality. Dec. 27 1f

MORALIST.

BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN thou considerest thy wants, when
thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge
his goodness, O son of humanity! who honored
thee with reason, endued thee with speech, and
placed thee in society, to receive and confer reci-
procal helps, and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of
habitation; thy protection from the injuries, thy
enjoyment of the comforts and pleasures of life;
all these thou owest to the assistance of others,
and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of soci-
ety.

It is thy duty, therefore, to be a friend to
mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be
friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own
nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produ-
ceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his
own breast, and rejoiceth in the happiness and
prosperity of his neighbor.

He openeth not his ears unto slander, the
faults failings and wickedness of men give pain
to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out
the occasions thereof; in removing the oppres-
sions of another, he relieveth himself.

MR. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has re-
moved from Dey-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Thea-
tre. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of
SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH
upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental,
but answer the deorable purposes of nature. And so neat
in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the
most natural. His method also of CLEANING the
TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every
possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the
slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most rag-
ing TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved in-
effective, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of re-
medy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon
the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is at-
tended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at
their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15
Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH
POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his
own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considera-
bly esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Cha-
racters both use and recommend it, as by the daily appli-
cation, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS
are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthful red
appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their
Sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and
that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with
DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be
had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane
August 25, 1804. 815 1f.

NEW-YORK REGISTERING AND GENERAL
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

No 9 Broad Street (near the City-Hall) where fami-
lies or single gentlemen, upon applica tion, may be sup-
plied with servants of every description; merchants with
clerk's, mechanic's with journeymen;—also, servants,
apprentices, journeymen, mechanics, and persons of
every description may be supplied with places.

Sept. 8, 1804. 816 1st.

WANTED.—As an apprentice to the PRINTING
BUSINESS, a lad of about 14 or 16 years of age, who
can bring good recommendations. Such a one will find
an advantageous situation by applying at No. 155 Chat-
ham Street.

Sept. 8, 1804. 816 1f.

N. SMITH.

Chymical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hall
Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Rose No.
114 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel.

SMITH's improved chymical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness so
sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the
skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use
after shaving,—with printed directions,—6s. 8s. and 12s.
per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and
keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s.
per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.—do. Violet
let, double scented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatama
1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s.

His white almond Wash Ball, 2s. and 3s. each. Very
good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. and 3s. Do. Vegetable.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most
beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps,
and leaves them quite smooth, 2s and 4s per box.

His fine cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of
roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savonette Royal Palle, for washing the skin, mak-
ing it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above
with directions, 4s and 8s per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth
and Gums, warranted, 2s and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to
the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic,
immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with
every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining
Liquid Blacking.—Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s. lb.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair
in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on
chemical principle, to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, elastic Razor Strip
Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen Knives, Scissors, Tor-
toise-shell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch
Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will no
only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from
adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery
Great allowance to those who sell again.

MR. NASH'S,

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

No 313 Pearl Street, Corner of Ferry Street.

TERMS.

Subscribers to pay at the time of subscribing:
3 Dollars and 50 Cents year,
1 Dollar for 6 months,
1 dollar and twenty five Cents per quarter,
50 Cents for one month.

Subscribers in the city will be allowed to take two
duodecimo, or two octavo volumes, at a time. And
when a work consists of three volumes only, they will be
permitted to take the whole set. Subscribers at any con-
siderable distance in the country, will be allowed four
volumes, or two sets containing six volumes.

Readers by the single book to pay:

For small volumes, 4 Cents for three days;
For duodecimo vols. of a middling size, 6 cents for 5
days;
For larger, and the largest duo. vols. 10 cents for 8 days;
For the smallest octavo vols. 8 cents for 6 days;
For octavo vols. of a middling size, 12 1-2 cents for 9
days;
For the largest octavo vols. 16 cents for 10 days.

FOUND.—No. 40 Beekman Street, an UMBRELLA
the owner may have it again by proving property and
paying for this advertisement.

Sept. 8, 1804. 816 1f.

NEW-YORK,

PRINTED AND EDITED

By JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP,

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.

Field
No.

well
to
the
of
the

and
3s.

Vice

ams

Very
able
most
opt,

is of
a.
ma-
bove

ceeth

or to
etie,

with
ning
lb.
haw
ca

arep
Tor
arch
ll so
from
mery

two
And
ll be
con-
four

for 8
days,
or 9

LLA
and
f.

no one

P,